To the moſt Illuſtrious and Serene PRINCE,

His Royal Highneſs,

19

W elcom, Great PRINCE, the moſt Auguſt in Name,
I mportant Time did ever bring to Fame.
L ive ever Crown'd with Merit of Renown;
L ong may You live, and ſee the World Your Own.
I n After-Times may Crowns of Bliſs attend You;
A nd may the Lord of Life (the Lamb) Defend You;
M ay Righteouſneſs Eſpouſe You, Glories End You.

H appieſt of PRINCES, all Good Mens Delight!
E xcelling Virtues ſhine in You moſt bright;
N oble in Blood, but Nobler far in Mind;
R eligion groans to be by You refin'd:
Y our Safe Protection She implores with Tears;

P ut Her not off, till You redreſs Her Fears.
R eſcue Her from the Toyls of *Babel*'s Whore;
I nſulting *Rome* bring proſtrate on the Floor.
N ip *France*'s Pride, Pull Hell's Great *Lewis* down;
C onfound his Glory, and Debaſe his Crown:
E nquire into the Time; for it is Now,

O ld Antichriſt muſt to the Chriſtian bow.
F ight then, Great SIR, Chriſt's Cauſe, His Faith defend;

O bſerve His Laws, and on His Word depend:
R aiſe up His Standard, and proclaim His War;
A ccept the Guardian Sword of Eighty's Star.
N one ſhall Oppoſe and Proſper, but ſhall Fall.
G reatly confide in GOD, whoſe Armies ſhall
E xtirpate the Falſe Prophet, Beaſt and All.

A ſſume the Titles which await Your Brow;
N ot ſuch as Potentates do covet Now.
D iſpoſe Your Self Protector for to be,

N ot of *Baal*'s Legions, but Proteſtancie.
A ccelerate Your *Gideonick* Force;
S teer to the Kingdom void of all Remorſe:
S ecure under Heav'ns Banner You ſhall Fight,
A nd Vanquiſh Them; yea, put them all to Flight,
W here they ſhall periſh in Eternal Night.

Protector of the Proteſtant Religion throughout the World.

LONDON, Printed for *Thomas Salusbury*, at the Sign of the *Temple* near *Temple-Bar*. 1688.